

several times—she lived in the country-place opposite General Curtis's. So, when Mr. Ned visited his heart's delight, I called upon mine.

I lived about four weeks in clover, so to speak. Then Fate taught me a lesson. One day I was standing upon the terrace with Nellie, when down the path came her old mistress, a small whip in hand. I am not one to run away from the enemy. With the whip she cut me sharply across the back four or five times. I never whimpered. She was too old to frighten. Instead of trying to take my part, Nellie trotted off, head in air, by the side of her mistress, never giving me a glance.

"See that that beagle hound never enters these grounds again," she told Thomas the gardener.

She did not know me—I never afterward even looked toward their big iron gate.

So ended my only love affair, for I never saw Nellie again; but for love of her I have remained a bachelor beagle all these months, which explains what I meant when I gave Mr. Ned my paw. If he and Miss Kathrynne were to be parted, he and I would be comrades to the end.

Ah, me! Thinking is morbid work sometimes; so I was glad when my young master jumped up from his desk.

"And now for a walk," he said. Out we went, and who should we meet on the avenue but the General, Miss Kathrynne's father. Mr. Ned bowed in his polite way, but the General looked through us, instead of at us, and passed on.

"Toddy, old boy, it's all up; the General cut us dead."

I looked lovingly into his face, which had grown white and distressed.

"Come, let's walk, old friend, walk!" he cried.

We walked until my legs were fit to drop off; then we took a car home. That night neither of us slept much.

The next day the post brought my master a letter which seemed to excite him not a little.

"The General has written to say he will see me at his office," he said. "I wrote and asked him for Miss Kathrynne, you know, Toddy, a week ago—he sent no answer. You saw how he cut me yesterday; so I sent a note to his club asking to see him to-day. I'm going now, old friend. Give me a paw for luck, for my heart feels rather faint. Something tells me, Toddy, my boy, that we shall not win our fair lady. There, get down, now. I must hurry; the General said ten sharp."

What happened in General Curtis' office I found

out the afternoon of the same day. I used my ears as never before.

"The Commodore," who is seventy, but as hale and young in his ways as Mr. Ned, came over from the club to see us. He often drops in; for Mr. Ned is the light of his eyes as well as his ex-ward. There are those who say that all his money will come our way; but, as I was saying, "The Commodore" came over, and although Mr. Ned was not in, he made himself at home. As usual he "kidded" me about my "groggy" legs—after which we always shake paws to show that there is no hard feeling. We only had finished our making up when in rushed Mr. Ned like a breeze.

"What luck, my boy?" asked "The Commodore" eagerly.

"Wait, wait till I tell you, sir, from the very beginning. It's worth it."

Mr. Ned threw off his top-coat, handed the old master a fresh cigar, drew a big chair closer to the open fire, then began. *

"I phoned you that I was to see General Curtis at ten sharp. Well, I was there on the minute. He is a crank as to time, you know."

"The Commodore" nodded.

"I was immediately ushered into the chief's office. He did not see my outstretched hand, it seemed. I felt my blood beginning to boil; but for Kathrynne's sake I let him think me blind.

"You wished to see me, sir?" His voice felt like icicles dropping down my spinal column.

"I wished, General, to ask why you cut me yesterday?"

"Because, sir," he blurted, 'I did not wish to see you.'

"For an instant," said Mr. Ned, "I felt as though the office furniture was whirling about crazily; but I soon pulled myself together. I had to keep my head. You see, Kathrynne was at stake.

"May I ask what ill fortune has changed General Curtis from a friend into an angry judge?" I spoke very quietly.

"Fortune!" he snorted. "You have chosen your word most appropriately, sir. My daughter's fortune, that you—that you—"

"He literally shook so that he could not finish his sentence. I was afraid he'd have a stroke. You know the General's a very heavy man, Commodore."

My old master nodded. "Go on with your story," he prompted.

"Fortune? Your daughter's fortune?" I re-

peated after him. 'Really, General Curtis, I fail to find any connection between your cutting me upon the street and Kathrynne's fortune.'

"You do, eh? You never cared a tinker's blessing about her money?" he fumed.

"Not a rap," I answered. 'A girl like Kathrynne is treasure enough in herself. I never gave her money a thought.'

"Around on his chair he whirled, fixing me with his eagle eye.

"Do you happen to know one Dr. Dick?"

"I do, sir," I answered.

"He's a particular friend of yours, I believe?"

"He was, I thought, until recently," I said.

"You quarreled about—er—er—my daughter, I understand."

"We never have actually quarreled. He called at my room one morning and spoke rather offensively about—"

"Kathrynne's money!" flashed the General.

"The whole conversation had come back to me," said Mr. Ned. "Tod, you remember?" I wagged my tail. I did remember.

"Go on, go on!" impatiently urged "The Commodore." "What did you reply?"

"Yes," I said, 'indirectly her money had something to do with it.' Then I told him verbatim what was said, and how insultingly Dick had rubbed my poverty in; how he insisted that General Curtis would not give his daughter to a poor man; also what I said in reply. The old soldier's eyes seemed to glisten me.

"You never said you intended to handle my money after I was dead?" he said.

"I did not."

"Nor that it was as easy to love a rich as a poor girl?"

"Never, sir, as God hears me; but—"

"But what?" growled Curtis.

"I know the expression well. That was a favorite axiom of the man who has lied to you about me. He is determined to marry money."

"For a second or two the old man leaned his white head upon his hand. Then he faced me.

"North," he began rather brokenly, 'I've always liked you. I liked you all through. I knew your father and his father, gentlemen both. I felt pleased when I saw you come out to "The Willows." I was sorry to see you leave. Your manner toward Kathrynne was different somehow from that of the flippant young man of to-day, and when

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NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN--By Grace G. Wiederseim

